

Starting Fights in the Showers by Carrera_os

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Barebacking, Billy Hargrove Being an Asshole, Biting, Blow Jobs, Bottom Steve Harrington, Choking, Coming Untouched, Creampie, Crying, Fist Fights, Frottage, Hair-pulling, Holding Hands, Locker Room, M/M, Name-Calling, Nipple Licking, Nipple Play, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Spit Kink, Steve Harrington is a Little Shit, Top Billy Hargrove, Voyeurism, Wet & Messy, fighting as accidental foreplay

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Tommy Hagan

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Tommy Hagan/Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Tommy Hagan/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-07-15

Updated: 2021-07-15

Packaged: 2022-03-31 11:10:14

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,580

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy and Steve start fighting in the shower, it leads to more than bruises.

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Billy knocks Steve to the ground and follows right after intent to get Steve to do more than just grunt in pain when Billy's fists connect. They are grappling, huffing and puffing when their dicks slide together, their hard leaking dicks. Both of their eyes widen before Billy grins and ruts their hips together, delighted by the moans Steve lets out, head dropping back even as Steve gets a fist tangled in his hair and pulls hard.

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Billy is picking on Steve the same way he always does and for once Steve is responding, giving as good as he gets, Billy grinning delighted to have Steve's attention on him in any way. They are in the showers, most of their teammates having already cleaned up and headed home worn out from their coach making them run drills. Billy hits a nerve that has Steve's mouth snapping shut and has him going all cold and distant again, back to ignoring him, it makes Billy seethe with anger.

Tommy reads the danger that passes over Billy's face and he tries to get things going again but it is too late. Billy is already in Steve's space, hand on his shoulder forcing Steve to turn, both of them ignoring Tommy. "You gone deaf all of a sudden?" Billy hisses out right in Steve's face and when Steve does not respond with words, twisting to escape Billy's grasp, that is when Billy throws the first punch.

Tommy thinks briefly about trying to break it up as both of them start swinging but he remembers the damage after their fight a few months ago and Steve had gotten some good licks in, he does not want to get caught in the middle of that. So Tommy leans back against the wall and decides to wait and see, he will step in when Steve inevitably loses, to keep Billy from going too far. He thinks wistfully that maybe saving the day will get Steve talking to him outside of rising to the ribbing Tommy antagonizes him with these days.

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Billy grins and ruts their hips together, delighted by the moans Steve lets out, head dropping back even as Steve gets a fist tangled in his hair and pulls hard.

"Always knew you were a bitch" Billy grins wider, licking over his teeth at the fire in Steve's glaring eyes, Steve's dick giving a kick against his own.

"God don't you ever shut the fuck up." Steve hisses.

He tugs even harder at Billy's hair until it is Billy's turn to hiss smacking Steve's hand away, absolutely pleased by Steve's reactions as he drags his hand down his body, going for his ass with intent "No."

Tommy cannot really believe what he is watching, surprised by these turn of events as he stands there staring, it is crazy they must think they are alone it is the only explanation, he has obviously been forgotten about. He has not missed the way Billy has been looking at Steve though, like he wants to eat him alive and Steve, well Steve has always had a proclivity for attractive people. Tommy cannot help watching, dick hardening as Billy shoves a dry finger into Steve's ass with barely any warning. Steve's hand hits Billy in the shoulder with a hiss of "Lube you fucking asshole!"

Billy laughs and drags his hand up Steve's body, shoving his fingers in Steve's mouth. "Better get them nice and wet than bitch." Billy hisses as Steve snaps his teeth on his fingers hard and elbows him in the gut rolling to the side. Billy blindly reaches out for Steve once he has recovered from the sudden hit, laughing like a maniac. Steve manages to make it to his feet before Billy is grabbing his ankle. Steve does not manage to grab anything he is reaching for, just knocks the contents of his shower supplies all over the ground little bottle rolling around as Billy drags him back to the ground hard.

"God you are such a fucking dick!" Steve hisses as Billy covers his

back, keeping him pressed against the cold wet tile. He spies what he was after, the bottle of conditioner just within reach grabbing it up and blindly pressing it into Billy's face. "Use this you prick."

"Awe pretty boy too good for some spit." Steve's face wrinkles up as Billy grabs him by the jaw and turns Steve to look at him, thumb hooking into his mouth and holding it open. Shock crashes through him as Billy spits and it feels like it is falling in slow motion but there is nothing Steve can do to escape it. His cheeks burn at the noise it pulls from him, body going hot as Billy's spit slides over his tongue, dick spurting pre against the tile. "Not too good after all." Billy grins, licking over his face, dick rubbing against his ass cheeks.

"Fuck off." Steve hisses face burning hot at how hard Billy spitting in his mouth has made his dick, feeling a little shame try to bubble up over it but it does nothing to quell the want in his belly. He tries to dislodge Billy to try and save some of his dignity but Billy snaps his teeth hard against his cheek and Steve holds still with a whine. "Don't bite me." Steve tries pushing Billy's face away but it just ends up with those teeth holding harder and it fucking hurts but his dick keeps leaking and Steve is definitely going to have a lot to think about after this. Billy does not release his cheek, not until Steve falls still and then he is licking over Steve's cheek again, tongue lapping over Steve's eyelashes catching the beginnings of tears almost like an apology.

"Don't fucking tell me what to do." Billy says right against his ear, giving it a sharp snap too, grinning at the way it makes Steve's hips jerk. Billy does grab up the fallen conditioner bottle, sure he wants to hurt Steve in a way, wants to watch his skin purple and make him cry but not in this way and if he really wants to fuck the shit out of him he is going to need more than spit. "Prissy little bitch." Billy hisses, biting a mean trail down Steve's neck.

Steve's struggling starts up again, hissing curses with each new sting now that Billy has released his cheek. He stops telling him to stop biting though as it only makes Billy bite him harder. Steve jerks at

the sudden press of two slick fingers inside of him, a sting as Billy presses until the rest of his hand is flush against his ass. Steve expects his hard on to flag for a moment like it normally does with a sudden to much stretch but that sting like all the others just has his dick leaking, has him craving more from the bastard on top of him. "That all you got? I'm falling asleep down here." Steve challenges when the fingers stay still for too long.

"You've done it now pretty boy," Billy snarls, removing his fingers and pressing the conditioner cap into Steve's ass. He keeps one hand firmly on Steve's back holding him down as he squirts the whole bottle into Steve, a shocked noise coming out of Steve. Billy shoves three fingers in this time the squeeze tight, tells himself he is just getting some conditioner to coat his dick, denies to himself that he wants to make sure Steve can take him. Billy makes it fast, a few hard thrust of his fingers, spreading them out. Steve makes all of these little half wounded moans as he ruts down against the tile, Billy grins at the whine Steve lets out at the loss of his finger, the way his sloppy wet hole clenches and conditioner drips down his taint.

Billy moves back just enough to flip Steve over, easily smacking away the hand Steve tries to smack him with. Billy can tell at this point it is more for show, Steve trying to save some of his ego, Billy is going to wreck him, show him what a bitch he really is. Billy is on his knees between Steve's thighs and he drags one of Steve's legs around his waist, gets a kick to his ass for it. "Knock it off." Billy warns, pinching Steve's inner thigh hard, licking over his teeth as Steve's dick gives a spurt, cum dripping down onto his belly before Billy hikes his other leg up over his shoulder and presses into Steve's sloppy hole hard and fast.

Steve shouts "fuck" Billy's rough fingering did not really prepare him for his dick, longer and wider than Billy's fingers had been. Steve feels stretched too tight, open and full in a way he has never felt, Billy much bigger than the one other dick he has taken and it has been a while, feels almost foreign, not good or bad.

Billy wants to move, wants to hurt Steve in the best possible way but Steve's dick has flagged and he really wants it hard again. Billy keeps his dick still, hips flush with Steve's ass as he leans down to mouth at his chest instead. He bites a few new marks across Steve's sternum before moving lower mouth latching onto a nipple and Steve makes another shocked noise, hand coming up and smacking Billy in the head. Billy growls around the nipple in his mouth, giving it a hard bite as he pins Steve's arms down before switching to the other one. Steve cries out dick hardening again between their bellies and Billy keeps sucking and biting as Steve starts leaking pre.

"Always knew you were a bitch." Billy says as he pulls back eyes fixed on Steve's swollen nipples red and starting to bruise from the abuse.

"Shut the fuck up, are you going to fuck me or just keep your dick warm asshole." Steve spits out, he does not know where the blood is coming from to make his face so hot because surely all of it is in his aching dick. Steve squirms as Billy's hands go uncomfortably tight on his wrists feeling like his bones are grinding together.

"Do it yourself bitch." Billy hisses, settling back on his haunches and Steve feels some of the tight pressure in his leg stretched to lay against his chest ease. He had hardly noticed the uncomfortable pull too distracted by everything else Billy was doing to him.

Steve's mouth twists in a frown as Billy sits there watching him, as soon as his hands are free, Billy's moving to rest on the slick tile floor, Steve pushes up intent on punching him because he is just such a dick but the shift has Billy's dick shifting inside of him, hitting his prostate and that makes intense pleasure course through him and now it does feel good, really good, makes him feel more than just full. Steve's hands fall back against the tile and he uses them to brace himself as he lifts his hips and starts tentatively moving on Billy's cock making it drag over that spot that has heat shooting up his spine.

Billy pants watching a little surprised when he is not hit again,

grinning as Steve starts shifting on him, it is slow and shallow and Billy wants more, twists his head and nips at the tender flesh at the bend of Steve knee, making him yelp and jump, moaning as it makes Billy's dick shift a little deeper again. "You can do better than that" Billy insists, tongue soothing over the tender red mark he has left before biting again when Steve huffs at him.

Steve's other leg pulls away from Billy's back to bring his heel hard against his ass, making Billy buck into him. "Stop fucking biting me." It only makes the bite worse, the sting making his dick kick and Steve wants to deny him, wants to fall still but he also wants to get off, wants to feel Billy's dick sliding in and out of him hitting that spot again and that wins out. Steve uncurls his leg from Billy's ass only this time instead of giving him a kick, Steve plants his foot against slick tile and uses it to push farther off of Billy's dick before pulling himself back down, quickly building up momentum.

Billy watches as his dick disappears inside of Steve, feels the strain of muscles against his skin as Steve's dick slaps against his own belly. Billy curls one hand around Steve's thigh pressed against his stomach, fingernails biting into taunt flesh making Steve hiss and glare at him, movements picking up even further. Billy reaches out and Steve's hand comes up and Billy is sure he is about to be slapped again, fingers biting harder at Steve's thigh. Billy puffs out a little shocked sound when Steve grabs his hand instead and twists their fingers together as Steve drags his hand to the cool floor and keeps fucking himself on Billy's dick. Billy has heat pooling hot in his belly from more than just the sex, cheeks heating and Billy needs to distract himself from it.

Billy bends forward again, pressing Steve's leg back until his knee is against his collar bone, Steve's eyes going wide at the suddenness, as it traps Billy's dick makes it impossible for Steve to keep fucking himself. Billy's teeth find his lips and Steve clenches around him hard at the sting, gasping, fingers tightening on Billy's hand, other hand coming up and tugging hard at Billy's hair. Billy's free hand slides down to Steve's hips and now Billy is the one moving, thrusting shallowly as he keeps hold of Steve's lip sucking on it hard between

bites.

"Billy" Steve whines his name after another hard bite to a spot Billy has already chewed on, the sting a little more pain than pleasure now and his eyes wet.

Billy sucks in a breath he has never heard Steve say his name before, likes the sound of it falling from his lips. Billy gentles his mouth tongue sliding out and into Steve's mouth in an actual kiss as he speeds up his movements, gives Steve's hip a pinch because he is not going soft for him, he is not and to prove it to himself he really starts fucking into him hard and fast, making Steve moan and grunt into his mouth.

"I'm still here you know." Tommy finally croaks out, leaking dick fisted in his hand, unable to keep silent any more. Steve and Billy's mouths break apart, Billy straightening his back out, hand sliding from Steve's hip to press against his chest when it looks like Steve is trying to rise up, keeping him where he wants as they both swivel their heads to look at Tommy. They both forgot he was here caught up in their fight turned fuck.

"Well then get over here, pretty boys got a mouth." Billy says before Steve can even think to say anything.

Steve eyes Tommy's weeping dick with some interest, it is not like he has never had it in his mouth before but "So do you, why don't you suck his dick." Equally turned on and annoyed at Billy just offering him up like that.

Billy's hand slides up his chest and finds his throat squeezing tight making Steve's eye's flutter. "Because you're a bitch and I'm prone to biting," Billy snaps his jaw teeth clicking to emphasize his point "now open that pretty mouth nice and wide for freckles."

Tommy pants dropping to his knees as Steve's mouth falls open. Tommy does not need more invitation than that, slides right in and keeps going until Steve chokes a little and Tommy is quick to ease back out. "What are you doing fuck his throat, he can take it can't you bitch, relax your throat let Tommy get nice and deep." Billy sneers at Tommy like he has personally offended him, hand clenching and unclenching around Steve's throat.

Steve's eyes are half hooded as he looks up at Tommy glassy eyed, making punched out breathy noises as Billy keeps fucking him. "Come on Tommy, don't got all day." Steve says with a lick of his swollen lips.

"Either put your dick in his mouth or get fuck out Hagan." Billy growls, he would like to fill Steve's mouth himself, would if his dick were not already fucking Steve's clenching ass. He will settle for watching him take Tommy's dick between his swollen lips but only if Tommy actually starts listening.

Tommy presses back in fast and this time Steve does not choke, keeps his throat relaxed breathing through his nose when Tommy's balls are not smacking against it blocking his air. Billy watches satisfied as Tommy starts really fucking his face and focuses his own attention back on fucking Steve, hand still on Steve's throat occasionally squeezing.

Tommy is not going to last long, he is going to cum embarrassingly fast but after watching and seeing Steve like this he cannot help it, so turned on by his once best friend, Steve has never gotten this way for him, never gone all mouthy but obedient. It has jealousy coursing through his veins, has Tommy setting one hand on Steve's shoulder, the other moving and flicking a puffy nipple, making Steve's throat contract around him as he fucks his face even harder. Steve lets out a little whimpering moan around his cock as Tommy's balls keep smacking him in the face.

Billy grins fucking delighted, he tries to take his hand from Steve's

but as soon as he tries Steve's hold is tightening other hand reaching blindly to smack at him and Billy decides to let him keep it, gives his throat a harder squeeze, squeezing his hand at the same time and curling his fingers back around Steve's and it settles him instantly. It makes all sorts of heat build in Billy's belly and something he will not dare think about as he slides Steve's leg from his shoulder, pushing it to the side and pressing him open, letting Billy get even deeper as he uses a knee to pin Steve's leg.

Tommy does not miss the way their hands are linked and the struggle Steve puts up when Billy tries to deny him and grabs up Steve's other hand, wanting some of that, ignoring the mean knowing look Billy shoots him. Steve makes a noise in his throat and moves his hand away and anger starts welling up in Tommy, the same anger that had him threatening violence over a year ago. It cools almost immediately as Steve shakes his arm out, turning it to a more comfortable angle before reaching blindly for Tommy's hand.

Tommy chews his lips, cheeks going ruddy a little giddy as he twines their fingers together pleased to not have been denied. There is too much heat in his belly, the feel of Steve's fingers twined with his only making the tug in his gut sharper as his balls start to draw up. Tommy's hands on Steve go tight as he presses as deeply into Steve's mouth as he can, cumming in white hot spurts down Steve's throat, his vision blackening.

Steve is panting as Tommy slides from his mouth, a final spurt of cum sliding over his lips as Tommy collapses to the side, their hands still linked. Steve turns his head to the side and catches Tommy's eyes, giving him a wide dopey smile before Billy draws his attention back.

Billy's hand slides back up to Steve's throat turning Steve's head as he leans down and licks the taste of Tommy from his mouth. Billy swallows the noises Steve makes as he lets his hand move from his throat again sliding down and under Steve's hips, making them rise as he shifts his knee off of Steve's thigh. Billy grins as Steve's ankles cross behind his back and he bends forward a little more, changing

the angle until Steve breaks the kiss, kneeling high.

“You gonna cum for me bitch?” Billy licks over his own mouth dick dragging across Steve’s prostate with every movement, bringing them both closer to the edge. Steve tries to tug his hands free and Billy has an idea what he wants, shooting Tommy a warning glare and a shake of his head when it looks like he might let go of Steve’s other hand. “No, you’re going to cum on this dick and nothing else, be a good bitch, I know you can do it.”

Steve cries out head shaking because he cannot, he just cannot, he has never cum without friction on his dick, he tries to shift his hips, tries to press against Billy’s belly but Billy of course does not let that happen. Tears come, drip down his face, he is so close, so so close, he wants to cum so badly. “Billy please!” Steve begs on hitching breaths, heat coiling tightly, building with no source of release.

Tommy is watching mouth hanging open as Steve begs and cries, dick half hard again as he palms himself, he looks fucking beautiful.

“You can do it pretty boy, be good, cum for me.” Billy says voice a little softer as he presses his mouth to Steve’s neck before he is biting down hard again, giving Steve another sharp jolt of pleasure pain. Steve cries and shakes hands clenching around Tommy and Billy’s as his body goes taunt and he finds his release, all of that heat in his belly shooting up out of him and splatter all over his and Billy’s chests as he clenches around Billy’s cock.

Billy groans mouth sucking where he bite high on Steve’s neck being sure to leave another mark, one of many as he gets a few more hard thrust in before his balls draw up and he is pressing flush and cumming inside of Steve. Billy’s mouth goes soft, trailing up Steve’s neck back to his mouth for another kiss, swallowing down the little shocked noises Steve is making as hot cum fills him.

Billy practically growls when Tommy nudges him, sneaking in to kiss

Steve's puffy mouth when Billy rises to hiss at him angrily. Billy pushes his shoulder but lets him have Steve's attention for a few moments, keep him distracted as Billy pulls out, Steve giving a displeased whine into the kiss.

This time when Billy tries to untangle their hand Steve lets him, shakes his hand out and brings it up to curl around the back of Tommy's neck. Steve tries ignoring the way Billy spreads his thighs open as he pulls out, leaving him empty and clenching around nothing, focuses instead on the way Tommy's hand comes up and wipes away his fallen tears, thumb smoothing gently over his cheek. Steve squirms with a whine as cum and conditioner start leaking out of his hole, sliding down his crack.

Billy grins entranced as he stares down at Steve's puffy rim, watches as a glob of creamy white slide out of him. Billy lets it slide down a little before he is reaching out and catching it, fingers retracing its slippery path and pressing the glob back into Steve who whines high and breaks the kiss with Tommy, bringing a foot up and kicking at Billy's shoulders.

"Fucking knock it off asshole." Steve huffs out, now that the heat of the moment has passed he is starting to get sore, too sore to let Billy keep fingering him, rising his foot to kick him again when Billy persist, fingers sliding in and out of him playing in his own mess, both hurting and making new heat start to coil up.

"What happened to Billy bitch?" Billy hisses annoyed at the change, he wants to hear his name fall from those lips again almost as much as he wants to finger Steve until he cries, his eyes are already looking a little wet again.

Steve huffs mouth twisting before he shakes his head and his features go soft "Please Billy, I'm sore I need a break." Steve simpers with a pout and he knows he is giving Billy what he wants but he really does need a break and some water.

Billy chews his lip, belly hot at the way his name drips from Steve's mouth even knowing he is not being sincere right now, it does not matter, Billy will take it. Billy drags his fingers free, wiping them on Steve's pale thigh before giving it a pinch, making Steve frown and hiss as Billy grins down at him before leaning forward. "Good bitch."

Steve huffs and rolls his eyes but his cheeks are going ruby as Billy gets his hands under his armpits and drags him up. Steve's feet are unsteady as Billy forces him to stand, hands tight on Steve's hips as he steadies him before moving them both towards the shower exit. "Where the fuck are you trying to take me?" Steve asks, looking to Tommy still lounged on the tile palming his dick like he has the answer, Tommy just shrugs.

"Your house for that break, I hear it's empty. You got snacks?" Billy asks completely serious, he is not done with Steve, may never be done with him but he could use a break too.

"Uh-" Billy does not miss the way Steve's eyes cut to Tommy again.

"Freckles can come too." Tommy is scrambling up at the words nearly busting his ass as his feet slide but he manages to regain his balance shooting Steve a grin, because they are friends again now, have to be, maybe even more and Tommy is not about to pass that up.

"At least let me clean up first" Steve says, squirming as conditioner and cum slid down his thighs, he is blaming his lack of protest on how tired he feels, how worn out and laggy he is suddenly feeling.

"Nah just going to get you dirty again anyway, I'm not even close to finished." Billy says, grabbing Steve up and making him shout in surprise as he tosses him over his shoulder.

"Why am I going along with this?" Steve asks, just relaxing into

Billy's hold, cheek resting against the swell of Billy naked ass.

"Cuz you're a bitch, my bitch now." Billy says brightly smacking Steve's ass hard and making him yelp and squirm before he is smoothing his hand over the spot that surely smarts. He lets his hand drop a little lower, arm going across both of Steve's thighs before going tight to ensure he does not drop him.

Steve tiredly reaches a hand out for Tommy and he does not hesitate moving forward and twining their hands together pleased, giving Billy a little smug smile when he turns and sees him. Tommy snickers as Billy rolls his eyes with a little huff. "Come on Hagan let's get pretty boy home and comfortable before he falls asleep, while the princess takes his nap we can discuss plans for later." Tommy grins at the promising wink Billy sends his way.

"I'm not even tired" Steve lies, words slurring together, he may be a little tired but it has been a long day and he definitely did not get enough sleep last night. Tommy just laughs again, lifting a hand to card through Steve's soft hair as they leave the showers for clothes so they can do just that.

-End

Author's Note:

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